And fall a curſing like a very drabbe, ſtallion, fie upon't, foh.
About my braines, hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures ſitting at a Play
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Beene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther though it have no tongue will ſpeake
With moſt miraculous organ. Ile have theſe Players
Play ſomething like the murther of my father
Before mine uncle: Ile obſerve his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I have ſeene
May be a divell, and the divell hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea and perhaps
Out of my weakneſſe and my melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes me to damne me: Ile have grounds
More relative than this, the Play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conſcience of the King. *Exit.*

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Guyldenſterne, Lords.*

*King.* And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his daies of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
*Roſ.* He does confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe he will by no meanes ſpeake.
*Guyl.* Nor doe we find him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty madneſſe keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true eſtate.
*Quee.* Did he receive you well?
*Roſ.* Moſt like a Gentleman.
*Guyl.* But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.
*Roſ.* Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.
*Quee.* Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?
*Roſ.* Madam, it ſo fell out that certaine Players



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